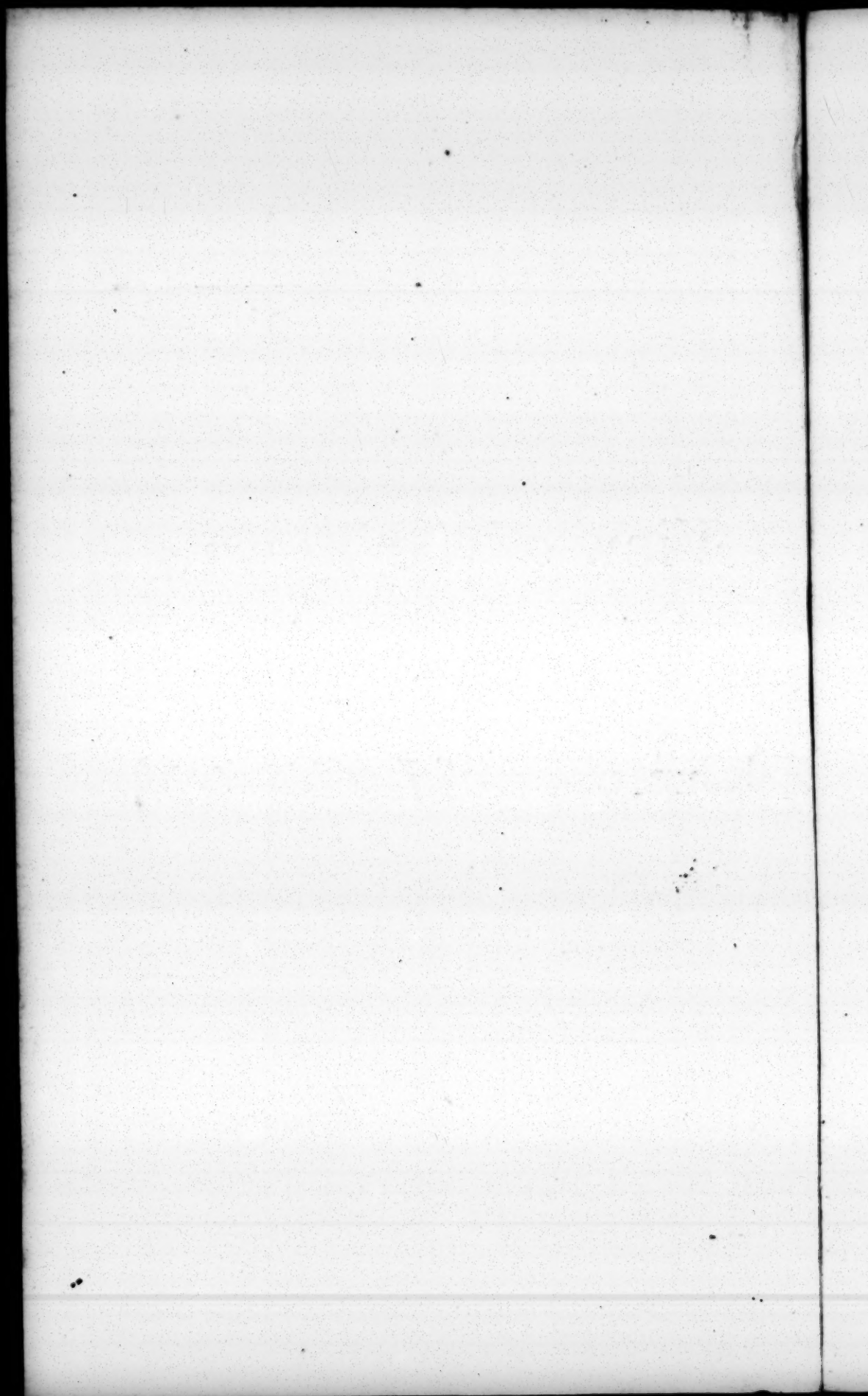

A
View of the Town ;
O R,
MEMOIRS of *LONDON*.

(Price One Shilling.)



4

A
View of the Town :
OR,
M E M O I R S
OF
L O N D O N.

I N W H I C H

Is contained a Diverting Account of
the *Humours, Follies, Vices*, and what not?
of that famous *Metropolis*: Where every
Offence meets with its due Correction;
Knaves are Scourg'd, Fools Jirk'd, and the
Ladies have a Stroke by the by.

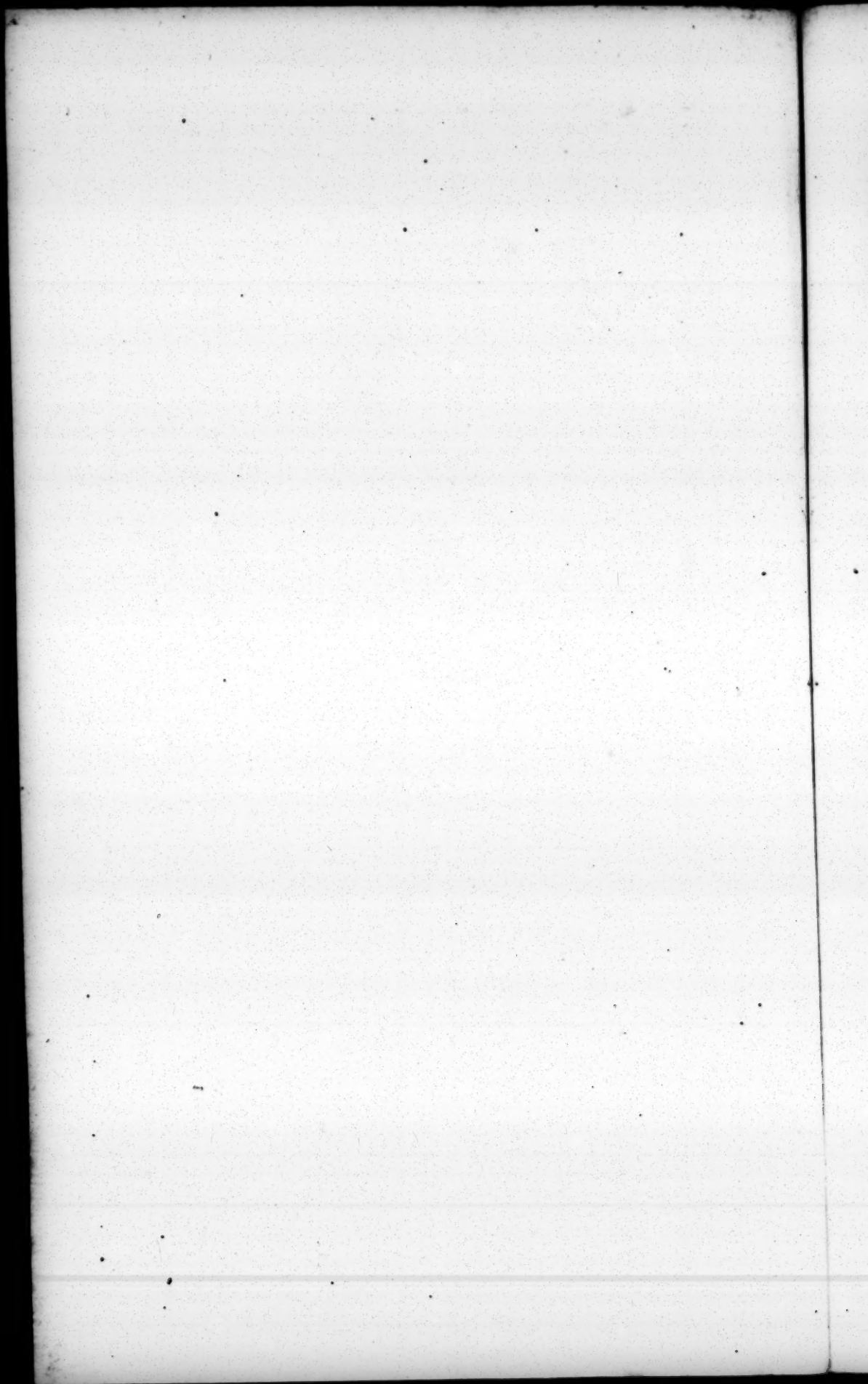
In fine, not to pall your Appetite, by a tedious
List of Particulars, here is, in short, as much
Sing-Song as in the *Beggar's-Opera*; and more
New Whims than in the *Orator's Advertisements*.

*My Book a Salesman's Shop you'll find,
Where Civilly I'll treat ye ;
To a Fool's-Coat of any kind,
You are Welcome, if it fit ye.*

The SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MOORE, near *St. Paul's*, and Sold by
the Bookfellers in Town and Country. 1751.





T H E
P R E F A C E.

*C*ustom, that has a very absolute, tho' sometimes a very unreasonable Command over our Actions, has rendred Prefaces expected, even to the smallest Performances. Chiefly therefore in compliance to it, I have written This: And that it may not seem what most Prefaces

vi The P R E F A C E.

*are, a detach'd Piece, with scarce any Relation to the Work itself; or like a Fellow at the Door of a Puppet-show, who is continually dinning the Ears of those without, with the wonderful things that are to be seen within; I shall make use of it only, to give you a very short Account of the Manner, in which you will find the following Pages written, as it may perhaps in some measure conduce to its being read with greater Satisfaction, than otherwise it would be. The Work is digested into Letters, which were written by the Author to a Friend of his in a very distant part of the Country, who was extreamly desirous of knowing the
modern*

The P R E F A C E. vii

modern State of this City, that he might be able to form some Comparison between it in its present Circumstances, and those in which it was when he himself was acquainted with it, viz. in the Reign of King Charles the Second. Whether such a Parallel would be to its advantage or no, I leave to the Judgment of those who have better Capacities than mine to determine. All I can say in favour of this Performance, is, that the Charge of low and sometimes prophane Wit, which has been justly objected against most things of this kind, will by no means lie here ; That the humorous Characters, and Descriptions are real and in Nature ;

viii The P R E F A C E.

ture; and if in the whole there be any thing entertaining, it is so, without offending against Modesty, Good Manners, or Truth.





A
View of the Town ;
O R,
MEMOIRS of *LONDON*.

L E T T E R I.

ALTHO' in this Season of the Year, the City does but begin to recover itself, from that vast Decay of Inhabitants, which the Warmth of Summer, and the Charms of the Country occasion'd: Yet since you were pleas'd last Post to reiterate your Entreaties, which with me have always the force of Commands, I am resolv'd, as well as I can, to begin the Performance of the Promise I made you, of writing, as you term it, the Natural History of this busy Place. In order to which, I set yesterday apart for the collecting Materials; and since I know you hate Ceremony, I will give you a Narration of my Adventures just as they happened.

B

You

You must know then, that I lodge at *St. James's End* of the Town, and since nothing but Business could have forced me hither, I constantly spend an Hour or two in the Park, as soon as I am up, because, in some measure, it resembles the Country. It was about Eight this Morning when I came thither, designing (as I told you) after a turn or two, to have gone in quest of something that might divert you. I had not been there long, before I took notice of an old Man, who besides the Gravity incident to Age, had a certain Air of Melancholly in his Countenance, that spoke him in want, notwithstanding his making outwardly a tolerably Genteel Appearance. I observed him the more, because in the Fortnight I have been in Town, I have seen him in the same Garb, in the same Walk, and with the same Chagrin Look, once, if not twice, every day. He sat down on one of the Benches, by the *Mall*, and Curiosity induced me to take a Seat near him: Discourse soon follow'd, and the Gentleman, in a little time, seem'd as willing to give me the Detail of his Misfortunes, as I was ready to hear them. There is nothing, Sir, says he, (addressing himself to me,) so uncertain as the Chance of War; and tho' Merit can in no state of Life, lay a juster Claim to Preferment, yet I may without Vanity assure you, that had it succeeded there, I needed not to have sought the Shade of those Trees, for want of Company, or have fallen into any of those deep Fits of Musing, in which, as you say, Sir, you have
so

so often observ'd me. I went very young, and without the knowledge of my Parents, into the Army, and served several Years a Volunteer, in the Wars in *Flanders*, under the Prince of *Orange*; who, pleased with an Action I had the Honour to perform in his Presence, gave me a Company. A considerable time after, I was prevailed on to go into the Service of a Foreign Prince, in the Quality of a Major; but a General Officer of his, preferring a young Captain over my head, who had pimpt to him his own Sister, I thought my Honour so deeply concern'd, that I immediately threw up my Commission, challeng'd him, and was so lucky as to leave him dead upon the Spot. I was obliged upon this to retire to *Brussels*, where I lived as long as my Money lasted, and then came for *England*. My Days have been since a continued Series of Misfortunes, which have by degrees reduced me into the State in which you see me, and have caused me to fall into a Condition, which, of all others, I most dreaded, that of being pity'd by my Enemies, and being a Dependant on my Friends: And yet, Sir, had I but the same Command, with some of those Laced and Feather'd Sparks, that walk this *Mall*, I would undertake to make all the Foes of *Great Britain* tremble. As he pronounced these Words, he started from his Seat, turned as quick as Lightning on his Heel, and then clapping his Arm by his Side, with a Martial Air, look'd about him as fiercely as if all the Trees round us had been so many Battalions of Men,

and himself with a supreme Command at the Head of them. I could not help smiling to myself at the Humour of this antiquated Hero ; when the Major recovering himself from his Transport, turned towards me, You look, Sir, says he, like a worthy Gentleman, if you will meet me here at One a-clock precisely, I will introduce you to a Sett of as gallant Fellows, as ever look'd an Enemy in the Face, or labour'd under the Injuries of Fortune. I thank'd him, and he took his Leave.

As soon as we parted, I went to a certain Chocolate-House near the Court, where casting my Eyes upon the Clock, as I came in, and finding it just turn'd of Ten, I sat down to divert myself with the Papers, knowing it to be too early an Hour, for any of their Polite Customers to be stirring. About forty Minutes after, two young Sparks dropp'd in, in their Night-gowns, from the Bagnio ; they chose a Corner of the Room pretty near me, and talk'd so loud, that there was no difficulty of hearing every Word they said. D—m me, *Jack*, says one, how got you to Town? I thought the old-fashion'd Knight, your Father, had fastned you down to the University. I'll tell you, says t'other, I no sooner came there, but I was taken notice of, for one of the gayest Smarts in *Oxford* ; a fine Lady from *London* made me a Present of a certain Favour, which, being of a generous Spirit, I bestowed on my Bed-maker's only Daughter. The Affair making a noise, I was severely jobe'd
by

by my Tutor ; upon this I privately packed up my Things, and made my escape hither ; where I am extremely pleased, to be delivered from the Slavery of Learning : for you know, *Tom, Greek* and *Latin* are Things for which I had always a most intolerable Aversion. I can't imagine, says the first, what the old Fools mean, by stuffing Folks Heads with them ; for my part I hate all Reading, and tho' by the Command of my Uncle, I have remained three Years as a Student in the Temple, the duce take me, if in all that Time my Study has led me any further, than the knowing that the Text of *Coke upon Littleton*, is printed in three Columns. I wonder, replies t'other, *Ned Saunter* is not here, he appointed half an Hour past Ten to meet me this Morning, which, to tell you Truth, was the Reason of my getting up so early to-day. While he was speaking, Mr. *Saunter* entered. I perceived at first sight, that he was a compleat Modern Beau, and therefore must stop to give you his Description ; the rather because it will not only serve for him, but also for his whole Order. To begin then with his Head, it was cover'd with a Bush of Hair, monstrously frizled on the Sides, its Top flat before, with a Pudding made *secundum Artem* thereon, of Oil and Powder ; as an Appendage behind, hung a long Tail, covered with black Ribbon, in Size, Shape, and Magnitude, exactly resembling a Kitchen-Poker. The fore part of the Coat too, was powder'd almost down to the
Middle

Middle, and in order to its sticking the faster, the Cloth is first artificially besmear'd with Pomatum. As to the Coat itself, 'tis without Plaits, has short Sleeves, and fits as close to the Body, as the Skin does. In fine, this, with the little Hats that are worn, are just the same Habit which you may see the *Spanish* Actors have on when they dance a *Saraband*. His Sword, which tho' it was somewhat less, was much of the same make with a *Dutch*-man's Knife, hung perpendicularly at his Side ; his Breeches were of black Velvet, his Stockings had Silver Clocks almost to the Knee, his Pumps had scarce any Heels, and were turn'd up at the Toes, like those *Batavian* Machines, that are made use of to scate in. In his Hand he had an Oak Strick, as large as a Running Footman's, with a gold Head on ; and that there might be as little Humane about him as possible, he had the Air of a Monkey, and Smell of a Civet-Cat. I dare say you'll begin to imagine this Picture a little upon the Grotesque ; I assure you, however, 'tis drawn exactly from the Life, and that since the coming of Pantomimes so much into fashion of late Years, a Man's Dress and Behaviour is thought the genteeler, the nearer it approaches the *Harlequin*. But to return to Mr. *Saunter* ; Dear *Jack*, says he, I am afraid I have made you wait, but I hope you'll excuse me : I met the prettiest Girl last Night, as I came from the Play, that I have seen a long time, and tho' it is not above a Fortnight since, I have
left

left off my Diet Drink, yet I could not forbear venturing, we went to the Bagnio by — and if it had not been to see you, we should not so soon have parted. However, I have order'd some Wild-Fowl and a Dish of Fish for Dinner, at three; if you'll go back with me, we'll e'en throw a merry Main or two, *pour tuer le temps*, till it comes upon the Table. Just as they were rising, in comes *Belville*, who was of the same College with me at *Cambridge*. He was dress'd after the same Manner, though not altogether so ridiculously as *Saunter*; after Civilities to the Company, *Dick*, says he, turning towards me, what brings you here, by the life of *Pharoah*, I believe you are a Spy. Prythee, says I, let me have none of your Town Cant, but tell us in plain *English*, what sort of a Life you lead? for if Fame speaks truth of you, I can assure you, 'tis not much to your advantage. Why then, *Dick*, replies *Belville*, that you may be able to defend my Character, for the future, know that I am turned Philosopher, 'tis of a modern Sect indeed, of which I believe you will find no mention in *Laertius*. We pass under the Name of *Rakes*, tho' I confess I am somewhat at a loss for the Etymology of that Denomination. And as you may perhaps be a little curious as to the Knowledge of our Tenets, I will give you our System in few Words. Women are our Books, the Playhouse our Study, Dangling our Business, Money our Wish, and Pleasure our

2

Divinity.

Divinity. Our Desires never rise higher than a fine Supper, and a fine Wench ; and the two Things in the World we most dread, are Repentance and a low Diet. Why harkee, *Belville*, says I, how came you to leave out Gaming, in which we are told you are become a great Proficient ? Ay, ay, says one of the Beaux at the Table, Mr. *Belville* is one of your *de Moivre* Men, he understands the Calculation of Play, and is capable of reducing to Rule even Hazard itself. But here is my Friend *Ned Saunter*, who scarce knows the Odds between Main and Chance, shall hold ye four Hands together, three times in a Night, and by meer Dint of Luck, shall strip ye a whole Table full of these Mathematical Gamesters. I perceived *Belville* nettle : *Dick*, says he, addressing himself to me, no body sure ever lived in such Times as ours, this ought certainly to have been called the Age of *Pretenders*, there is no Profession into which they have not crept, and in which without any other Merit, than downright Impudence, they have not palm'd themselves on the world, for the most perfect Masters. Would you think it ? We have Authors that can't write, Parsons that can't read, Counsel that can't speak, and Statesmen that never think ; in fine, I defy all *Europe* put together, to shew a Number of Blockheads so Great, as there is at present in thee, O *Britain*. A Friend of mine t'other day, threw away some good Advice, in a Song upon these Wretches ; I
have

have no great occasion to be vain of my Voice,
but as I know you love Wit, I'll venture to
sing it.

S O N G.

IN Play and in Politicks too,
Tho' Blockheads may sometimes succeed,
Yet long without Skill it won't do,
As the Cunning Ones all are agreed.

For tho' Fortune may aid a Dull Wight,
It but makes him more eager to play,
'Till of what his Luck gave him last night,
The Booby is bubbled to-day.

Then ye Numsculls at Play and in Power,
E'en pack up your Awls, and be gone;
Should that mutable Goddess but lour,
By Jove, ye would all be undone.

Her Wheel, she turns round in a Trice,
And the Wisdom ye want it to stay;
For once then be rul'd by Advice,
And fairly get out of her Way.

By this Time, 'twas within ten Minutes of
One, so I just took a Note of *Belville's*
Lodgings, and then Leave of the Company.

I steered my Course directly towards the
Park, in order to attend the coming of my
Worthy of the last Age. I could not for-
bear reflecting as I walk'd, on the Weakness
of their Minds, who throw away all their

Care upon Dress; and who desire to be distinguish'd from the rest of the World, by nothing but what they have on. At last, thought I to myself, perhaps conscious of their own Barrenness of Soul, and that it would be but Labour lost to endeavour to improve it; they may be in some measure in the right, to bestow so much Pains about their other Half, as well knowing it to be the only Part about them, capable of Adornment. Hence (said I to myself) perhaps it is, that the greatest Coxcombs wear the gayest Garbs, as the dullest Books are often the best bound. In the midst of my Soliloquy, up comes the Major, and tapping me gently on the Shoulder, I am glad, Sir (says he) to see you so exact, I think it still wants a Minute or two of One : For my part, I love People who are strict to their Word, even in Trifles. The Man of Honour is always punctual; and comes precisely to his Time, either to a Dinner or a Duel. We faced about immediately, and march'd strait towards the Horse-Guards; from thence my Conductor led me to a little Publick House in *Westminster*, where, in a very tolerable One-Pair-of-Stairs Dining-room, we found five of our Company already assembled. The Major introduced me as a Friend of his, which procur'd me immediately a very hearty Welcome from the rest; who, without the Ceremony that makes a Man, coming amongst Strangers, generally uneasy, begg'd me to take my Seat, and be assured there was no body there,

there, who out of Respect to Major *Manly*, were not my obedient humble Servants. As soon as we were seated, they resumed the Topic of Discourse they were upon before we came in. The Debate was concerning the Point of Honour at the Battle of *Mons*: Those who had served under King *William*, declared vehemently in his favour; while two of them, who were Non-jurors, expressed their Sentiments as warmly in behalf of the Duke of *Luxemburgh*. Several Things were said with Heat on both sides: At last my Friend, the Major, interposed, and to quiet the Dispute, begg'd Col. *Ravelin* to sing us the Ode he made *extempore* on the Field at *Blenheim*. The Colonel comply'd, and to a very good Trumpet Air, sung the following Lines, of which he gave me a Copy.

ODE on the Battle of *Blenheim*.

HARK! the Trumpet sounds to Arms!
 Hark! its Note again alarms!
 'Tis the glorious Dinn of War,
 Bids us for the Fight prepare.

See! the British Troops advance!
 See! the fairest Hopes of France!
 Mark! how both embattled stand,
 Each impatient of Command.

Swiftly will the Moments fly!
 That lead to Death, or Victory.

(12)

*Think what Britons oft have done,
And soon the Day shall be our own.*

*See! the Gallick Horse retire!
See! new Warmth our Men inspire!
Now! now! they break — now! now! they
yield!
'And ours is now the bloody Field.*

*Such Fate may still Oppression * tame,
So may all Traytors meet with † Shame,
And such each Glorious Day of War,
Where-e'er thy Arms, O Britain! are.*

The Colonel had no sooner finish'd singing, but in came two more of the Company, and immediately after them, Dinner. Two Dishes, but containing the same Thing, were placed on the Table, one at each End. While the rest of the Company employ'd themselves in demolishing the Legs of Mutton, Captain *Grende* entertain'd us with the demolishing the *French* Lines in *Flanders*. As soon as the Mutton was remov'd, a Sir-Loin of Beef roasted took up the Middle of the Board; the greatest part of us attack'd it with much Vigour, while Major *Platoon*, who never eats but one thing, diverted us with a very exact Description of the first Siege of *Namur*. No sooner was the Cloath taken away, but a large Bowl of Punch (made of a sort of Spirit which derives its Name from our Constitution) was set before us. All Things being adjusted, Captain *Storm*,
in

* France.

† Bavaria.

in right of his Seniority, drank the first Glass to me ; after which he transported himself on the spot, to *Ireland*, and very concisely gave us the History of the War there, from the Siege of *Londonderry* to the Capitulation at *Limerick*. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Colonel *Petard*, who having served in *Italy*, gave us a very particular Account of the raising of the Siege of *Turin*, and the Surprisal of *Cremona*. Major *Fireball* next presented us with a View of the memorable Battle of *Hochsted*, and the taking of *Kyserfwaert* by the Allies. The rest in their Turns diverted us with the Recital of the several Actions, in which they had a share, 'till Colonel *Brigade* concluded the Bowl with blowing up the Castle of *Alicant*. Upon this, a whisper run round the Company, and Cash rising high that Day, Captain *Storm* was dispatch'd with orders to raise a Recruit of Punch. As soon as it appear'd, all join'd in a Request to Colonel *Ravelin*, who I found was their Poet-Laureat, to oblige them once more. I shall be very glad, reply'd the Colonel, if it is in my power ; and without further entreaty gave us the following Song.

The A D V I C E : or, The Way to
Preferment.

To the Tune of, *Aim not too high*.

C O M E all, who to be Great desire,
To Post, or Office who aspire,

At.

*Attend, and I'll Instructions give,
How in this Age you best may Thrive.*

*First then, be sure your Wit be small,
Your Reading suited therewithall,
Learn to dissemble, cant, and lye,
And every Art, but Honesty.*

*This soon will raise you high in Place,
Perhaps with Power and Titles grace;
For Luck its Influence will impart
To all, who do but want ——— Desert.*

*Look but on all Professions round,
Then mark what Blockheads there are found,
Ev'n Churchmen sometimes are unwise;
And Lawyers oft by Favour rise.*

*Statesmen, who real Wisdom have,
Must yield to the pretending Knave;
And the rough Soldier is laid down,
While Pimps are grac'd with a Battoon.*

*Would ye then know the Reason why
Merit so seldom rises High?
'Tis Fortune governs all below:
And Fortune still is Merit's Foe.*

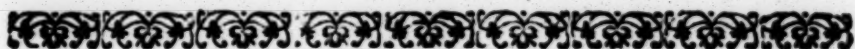
The Song being ended, the Operations of the Campaign were again renew'd with the utmost vigour. We travers'd *Germany*, march'd thence into *Sweden*, had a Brush or two with the *Muscovites*, deposed King *Augustus* in *Poland*; after that, run thro' the Fatigue of numberless Sieges and Engagements: in fine,
we

we made Conquests with greater Rapidity, than the Earl of *Peterborough* in *Spain*; and gain'd Victories even faster than his Grace of *Marlborough* in *Flanders*. At last, whether because their Tongues were weary, or that they were quite run out of Matter, I will not determine, but a general Silence ensued for about five Minutes. Colonel *Ravelin* taking this Opportunity, address'd himself to me: Sir, (says he) I fancy you have been but indifferently entertain'd to-night, we who have passed so much of our time in the Army, are generally a sort of Pedants in Arms, and seldom talk of any thing but our Exploits. I do not pretend, Colonel, says I, to understand perfectly all that has been said to-night, but it 'has notwithstanding very much diverted me. Tho' after all, I am afraid I shall be a little like a Mechanick I knew, and in spite of the best Instructions in the World, shall never command an Army. Pr'ythee, says my Friend the Major, (who by this time was grown a little merry) tell us that Story. I am afraid, reply'd I, there may be something in it which may be taken amiss? No, no, Sir, returned Colonel *Ravelin*, we all have Wit enough to know our weak Side, tho' very few of us have the Capacity to mend it: Yet I dare assure you, that we are all above taking any thing ill from a Friend, therefore pray let us have it. Well then, Gentlemen, (added I) you shall. I passed the Summer a few Years ago, at a Village in which a certain General Officer,

who

who had commanded formerly with great Reputation, had a House, whither he did me the Honour frequently to invite me. When I came one Day, he carried me with him into his Garden, where a Carpenter was doing something about the wooden Ledge that surrounded the Canal ; the General ask'd abundance of Questions about his Trade, which the Workman (who really had good Sense) answer'd as intelligibly as he could ; but for all that, thro' the General's being entirely unacquainted with such things, he could make him no wiser than he was before. However, pleas'd with the Fellow's Good-nature, and civil Manner of speaking, he continued discoursing with him a good while ; at last mentioning a Battle in *Spain* where he had commanded, the Thoughts of it transported him so far, that he imagin'd himself on the Spot. The Enemy's Foot (says the General; pointing with his Cane) was posted there ; their Field-pieces galled us from thence : in order to cover my Troops from which, I drew them up under that Hill. At this, the Fellow, able to hold no longer, burst out a laughing: Sirrah, (says the General, in a Passion) do you make a Jest of me? No, an please your Honour, (replied the Man) but if your Honour would be so good as to hear me, I dare say your Honour won't be angry at my laughing. Well then, (says the General sternly) what was't you laugh'd at? Only (says the Man) at thinking who would have had the hardest Task, I in making your Honour

a Carpenter, or you me a General? By this time the Night grew late, the Bowl low, and my self tired ; I therefore took leave of the Company, as I will now of you ; having already, I am afraid, sufficiently lengthen'd this Letter.



L E T T E R I I.

I Am very much oblig'd to you, Sir, for your kind Acceptance of my last, and have comply'd with both your Requests, first, in giving your Service to Colonel *Ravelin* ; and next, in making the tour of the City, an Account of which, will, I hope, render this second Packet welcome.

To proceed then, Sir, in your Method ; *Temple-Bar*, *Lombard-street*, and so on to *Aldgate*, stand just where they did, when you saw them last : But as to any thing else, the City now bears no more Resemblance to what it was, than the downright Behaviour of a plain honest West-Country Clothier does, to the cringing Complaisance of a *Ludgate-Hill* Mercer's Foreman. Decency in Garb, real Wealth, and punctual Payments, were the Glory of that Age ; as a flashy Appearance, a shatter'd Fortune, and the meanest Shifts, are the true Characteristicks of this. That you may not imagine me singular in my Opinion, I will transcribe

D

some

some Lines from a Poem call'd **Augusta*, which is just publish'd; and the rather, because it contains in some measure the very Parallel you desire me to draw. The *Genius* of *London* is by the Author introduced, speaking thus to the River.

How are we chang'd, O Thames! from what we were!

How rich my City once! — thy Trade how fair!

*When careful Industry, and honest Pain,
Were all the Arts the Trader knew to Gain.
Severe in Morals, to their Word precise,
Unskill'd in Fraud, unpractis'd in Disguise,
Our Citizens were frugal of their Store,
Yet, just to all, and generous to the Poor;
No Bankrupt List did Guild-hall's Pillars*

*stain,
Small their Expence, yet lib'ral was their
Gain,
And rich their Coffers, ——— tho' their
Garbs were plain.*

*Not so, since South-Sea Schemes bewitch'd
the Mind,*

*Projects and Stocks instead of Trade we find.
A sort of Gaming, tho' not quite so fair,
In which Men soon grow rich, — but 'tis
in Air.*

*Its curst Effects are known, but to our Cost;
Sunk is our Credit, as our Wealth is lost.*

Each

* Address'd to Humphry Parsons Esq; the New Lord Mayor, (remarkable for his Integrity and Generosity.)

*Each petty Trader struts, an aukward Beau,
And solid Worth is chang'd for empty Show.*

The two last Lines especially are very true, I assure you ; *Cheapside* has as many Beaus in it as *Pal-mall* ; all the Difference is, the latter are generally in the Fashion, and the former always beyond it. Large Buckles were lately the Mode ; when they were first worn at *St. James's*, you would have thought them borrow'd from the Ladies Girdles ; in a Week after however, you could hardly meet a Spark in *Cornhill*, whose Shoes did not seem to shine with the Spoil of a Sett of Harness. Shop-keepers of tolerable Business are now forced to keep Porters, who do the greatest part of their Work, because their Prentices forsooth must not have their Hands dawb'd. Nay, to such a pitch of Niceness are we grown, that even a Clerk at a publick Office can't touch Pen and Ink, 'till he has spent a quarter of an Hour at least, in putting on his Gloves, adjusting the Fingers, and tucking up his Ruffles.

A Neighbour of mine in the Country, begg'd me to call upon his Son, who has been about two Years with a Linnen-draper : accordingly I went. The young Spark, as soon as I came into the Shop, begg'd me to step into the Tavern at next door ; we did so : and after talking over Family-Affairs, and drinking a Pint of Canary, Sir, (says he) being used to so much Air in the Country, you would probably be glad of a Ride now and then out

of Town? If such a thing would be agreeable, I keep a Brace of Geldings at a Livery-Stable in *Finsbury*; and I assure you, Sir, when ever you have occasion for them, they are heartily at your Service. I thank'd him, but declin'd his Offer, which I confess had very much surpris'd me. On a short Enquiry however, I found this was far from being extraordinary, and that abundance of young Fellows in the same Condition of Life with himself did not only do the same thing, but very often kept also a Brace of *worse Cattle* into the bargain.

Having served their Times (as they call it) after this manner, you may imagine how carefully they manage after they set up. In the first Year they marry a Wife, in the second they have a Country House, in the third they get a Coach, which is generally succeeded by a Statute of Bankruptcy, in the fourth. If they are thorough-paced Knaves, they often secrete a plentiful Fortune from their Creditors. But if they have a strong smatch of the Fool also, and so really run out All, they either starve in Goal, bring themselves to the Gallows, or grow burthensome to their Relations.

Should one of our grave, old-fashioned Citizens rise from the Dead, and survey that stupendous Metamorphosis which one Century has effected, what would he think? It may be you will not be displeased to know, and the following Lines perhaps come pretty near it.

Advice

Advice from the Dead; or, Gresham's
Ghost.

To the Tune of, *When I was a Dame of Honour.*

HOW alter'd now is London grown,
How chang'd each ancient Fashion,
Whence Wealth has quite forsook the Town,
And Credit left the Nation:
For she alas! no longer stays
Than due Respect is paid her,
Such as, in good Queen Bess's Days,
When I was a City Trader.

What tho' my Gate no Chariot grac'd,
There waited there no Dunner;
My Word for Thousands daily pass'd,
Nor scrupled was my Honour.
I always paid my Bills at sight,
None for their Money staid e'er;
But Things alas! are alter'd quite,
Since I was a City Trader.

Full decently we did appear,
Without or Swords, or Watches,
Our Daughters homespun Stuffs did wear,
Nor knew the Use of Patches:
Each Wife a frugal Housewife was,
No Tippler, nor no Gadder;
Our Sons brought up in sober Ways,
When I was a City Trader.

We

*We Wealth by honest means did get,
 And not by servile Scraping ;
 None knew what 'twas to thrive by Debt,
 Or to grow Rich by Breaking.
 We always scorn'd to lye or swear,
 Nor artful Bargains made e'er,
 Our Dealings frank and open were,
 When I was a City Trader.*

*But now all Industry is fled,
 No Virtue is respected,
 And Plays and Opéra's oft are read,
 While Shop-Books lie neglected.
 Now powder'd Beaus take up my 'Change,
 Each day the Town grows madder,
 Such Things to me look wondrous strange,
 Who once was a City Trader.*

*O London ! London ! wouldst thou know,
 How thou again may'st flourish !
 For real Worth quit empty Show,
 And thy old Maxims nourish.
 Thy City Honesty can raise
 To what it once had made her,
 In good Queen Bess's Golden Days,
 When I was a City Trader.*

Hitherto my Description has been wholly general ; give me leave now, Sir, to enter a little into Particulars, by as concise an Account of my Adventures, as I am able.

Having some Business with Mr. *Jonathan Seveneights* the Broker, it brought me pretty early

early into the City : At *Garraway's* I found him ; but Heaven defend me from the Din of that confounded Place, for the future, where Men run about as wildly as Folks at a Fire ; and are seemingly in as much Confusion, as ever were the Hodds and Mortar-Men at *Babel*. My Wit is much too small, to give a perfect Description of these *Venditores Fumi*, Sellers of Smoke, and Merchants in Air. You must be content, then, Sir, with this short, but true Account of them ; that they talk like Fools, act like Knaves, and look like Madmen : but I confess 'twould be unreasonable to expect much better, from a Sett of People, whose highest Wisdom consists in the basest Cunning, and whose Profession one may say without Slander, is to cheat.

I fancy the following Story, may better display their Manners. In the celebrated Year *Twenty*, when Property became as solid as Chaff, and held the same Certainty with the Wind ; the Ebbs and Flows of the Stock were so sudden, as well as various, that the Question, How goes it ? was continually put throughout this whole Market of Bubbles. A Tallow-Chandler, passing by chance thro' the Alley, was saluted with it accordingly, by a Broker. The Man (which at that time was a little strange) understanding no Trade but his own, answer'd very readily, Six and Eight-pence. Six and Eight-pence, reply'd Mr. *Bite*, what d'ye mean by that ? Why, Candles a Dozen, says the Chandler. Candles ! quoth the Stockjobber,

in a Passion, why the Fellow's a Fool. That may be, adds t'other, but I am an honest one ; and that is the only Species of Fools, that has no Business here.

Getting therefore as soon as possibly I could from amongst this Nest of Vermin, who like Maggots owe their Being to our Corruption, I went strait to my Bookseller's, who lives a little higher in *Cornhill*: hardly had I entered the Shop, when in comes *Harry Leidger*, my old College-Chum at *Cambridge*, tho' now a considerable Merchant in *London*. After a Salutation, suitable to our long Acquaintance, Prithee, says he, how d'ye dispose of the Day ? 'tis *Monday*, there will be a thin 'Change ; so if you will but point out the manner, I shall willingly lay out that Leisure, which by chance I have, in diverting you. I thank'd him, and gladly accepted the Proposal : away we walk'd accordingly. The first Place we enter'd was a Coffee-House not far from *Lombard-street*. As my sole Business was Observation, I was not long there but I took notice of an old, tall, wither'd Fellow, who with great Volubility of Tongue, and Vehemency of Action, was pouring his Discourse, into the Ears of a well-dress'd, substantial-looking Gentleman, that sat next him, and who seem'd to listen with equal Satisfaction and Attention. Hark ye (says I) *Harry*, what is that loquacious Skeleton yonder ? What is he (says he smiling) why it is Mr. *Schemewell*, the Projector ; his first Rise of Reputation, was from his Invention of making Deal-Boards, by smelting

smelting Sawduſt, which procur'd him ſome Money, in the ever-memorable Year 1720, and has given him an Opportunity of railing at the *Scire Facias* ever ſince, for having ruined ſo hopeful an Undertaking. This Fellow is much of the ſame Caſt with the famous Doctor *Barebone*, who having drawn a Merchant, into a Building-Project at *Mile End*, by which he loſt ſix thouſand Pounds, and who by way of amends, got him to engage in a like Undertaking at *Westminster*, that quite undid him: The poor Gentleman, having watch'd a proper Opportunity, gave the Doctor his own in very round Terms; and at laſt bid him draw, and give him Satisfaction. Not I, truly, reply'd *Barebone*, one would have thought you might have been well enough ſatisfy'd with Drawing by this time, ſince I have drawn you already from one end of the Town to t'other. 'Tis juſt ſo with *Schemewell*, he is very aſſiduous in perſuading People to lavish out Money on his Chimæra's, and can hardly afterwards forbear ſneering at his Bubble.

By this time, having drank our Coffee, my Friend carried me to an adjacent Tavern, where, with ſome of his Acquaintance, he uſually came to Dinner: Two of them were, by Chance, taking a Whet at the Bar, as we came in; and before we had finiſhed a Pint of Bitter, in dropt a third. As there was enough of us to form a Company, we agreed to adjourn into a Room up Stairs. As ſoon as we were ſat,

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and the Conversation settled a little, they all began to express their Concern for the Misfortunes of young *Florio*, who was I found their very intimate Acquaintance. Mr. *Leidger*, to oblige me, begg'd Mr. *Cashlove*, the Banker, to give us his Story. That Gentleman, knowing the Request to be chiefly for my Satisfaction, address'd himself therefore to me, and proceeded thus. I must begin, Sir, with a short Account of *Florio*, and his Affairs; he is now turned of four and twenty, has very good Sense, a genteel Education, an affable Behaviour, and, in short, every Qualification necessary to have made him shine amongst the superior Rank of Traders. When he came into the World for himself, he had no less than Ten thousand Pounds, ready Money; and tho' it be little more than three years ago, his Affairs are now in such a Condition, that he is at present a Shelterer in the *Fleet*. His loving, or rather doting on the infamous *Constantia*, (whose Gossips seem to have been at Cross-Purposes, when they gave her that Name) has been the Root of all the Mischiefs that have befallen him. This worthless Creature, it must be own'd, is handsome, and has a great deal of loose, flashy Wit, that appears to some People extremely smart and brilliant. Poor *Florio's* Acquaintance with her began about two years ago, and in so short a space has she undone him: 'Tis incredible, what vast Sums her Folly, Vanity, and Wantonness have lavish'd;

wish'd ; nor will you wonder, when I tell you
 'tis an avow'd Maxim, not only with her, but
 also amongst most of our *British* Curtezans,
 that nothing so much distinguishes their
 Charms, as a Croud of ruin'd Admirers. The
 World, say they to themselves, must imagine
 something very extraordinary in a Woman,
 for whose sake twenty Gentlemen, and some
 of them too, who it may be have shewn no
 mark but this of their want of Understanding,
 have run out their Fortunes, and become in
 the most literal sense Beggars. Upon this honest
 and generous Principle, is founded that Itch of
 squandering so excessively, which constantly at-
 tends them, and from whence, in the Instance
 before us, has, in so small a time, been reduced to
 Necessity, a Gentleman, who in twenty years
 space, might have honestly acquir'd an Hundred
 thousand Pounds, and kept perhaps two hundred
 People all that time in Employment. See, Sir!
 of how vast a Ruin a lawless Passion, and an
 abandon'd Woman have been the Cause! It
 were well, replied Mr. *Rialto* (the *Venetian*
 Merchant) that *Florio's* were a single Case;
 his Follies have undone him alone: but the
 Villany and Extravagance of young *Mendez*,
 my Neighbour, has not only reduc'd the honest
 old Gentleman, his Father, from an immense
 Fortune, to the lowest Want, but has involv'd
 also his whole Family in Destruction, by the help
 of forged Authorities, and counterfeited Notes,
 so swiftly, that before they dreamt of his

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having

having so much as hurt his own Fortune, he had consumed all theirs. Our Manners, added Mr. *Worthy*, are now so corrupted, that *Lombard-street* and *St. James's* seem to have chang'd Places, and it looks as if all the Beaus and Rakes, that had been ruined by dangling after the Court, had now taken Sanctuary behind the Counters in the City. If Shame, as well as Virtue had not forsaken us, would *Will. Maggot*, the Cheesemonger's Prentice, at next Door, ever think of pulling off his Apron, and whipping on a Sword and Toupée, as soon as the Clock strikes Eight; if he did but consider how well they agree with his Trade, and how much better it would become him, to enquire into the Price of salt Butter and Bacon, than to be listning at a Playhouse, or staring at an Opera.

Dinner was by this time served up, and the same kind of Discourse held us all the time we were eating; the Company in general agreeing, that an undistinguishing Thirst of Gold, which had been a Principle too much propagated of late Years, had, in a great measure been the original of all those Evils, which, by degrees, were now grown to that pass, that if a Man takes but care not to want Fortune, he needs be under no Apprehensions of wanting Reputation. The Table being now clear'd, and every Man his Glass set, I fancy, says Mr. *Leidger*, that a Song would be very acceptable; come, *Tom Sprightly*, you have a good Voice,

Voice, prithee oblige us. I will obey you, Sir, says Mr. *Sprightly*, and I think I remember one *à propos* to the Subject, on which we have been talking.

The Power of GOLD.

*'TIS Gold bears universal Sway,
'Tis Gold alone that Men obey:
For it, even Heaven itself is sold,
Since Statesmen damn themselves for Gold.*

*For Gold the hardy Soldier fights,
In Gold the softer Sex delights:
Gold is the Virtue of the Times;
And Want of it the worst of Crimes.*

Sprightly having ended, I ought not to sing alone (says he) especially since I have a double Demand on you, Mr. *Leidger*, as a Poet, and a Lover. Just as he was going to excuse himself, t'other pull'd out a Copy of Verses. No trifling, adds he, good Mr. *Leidger*; your Memory may be, as you say, faulty, but these Lines here, are I think, of your composing. Do ye imagine I would have sung so readily, and not make reprizals, when they were in my power? Come, e'en take them, Man, and make no Words on't. Poor *Harry* look'd a little out of Countenance; but recollecting himself at last, performed tolerably well.

S O N G

S O N G.

To the Tune of Catherine Ogie.

*THE jarring Winds inconstant are,
From several Quarters blowing;
The foaming Waves incessant war,
In wild Confusion flowing.*

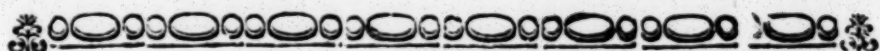
*Yet more inconstant than the Wind,
Are Women's stormy Passions;
More wild, than warring Waves, we find,
Their wand'ring Inclinations.*

*As in Elysium, Poets tell,
No Winds but Zephyrs blowing,
The gliding Currents gently swell;
Nor e'er their Banks o'erflowing.*

*Such is o'er me Belinda's Sway,
Who well her Throne becoming;
Nor coyly frights my Love away,
Nor makes it too presuming.*

Methinks (says I) *Harry*, 'twas not so Cavalier, to compliment your Mistress, at the expence of her whole Sex. O fye, Sir, (reply'd *Worthy*) you must not criticize on the Performanc of a Man in Love, Incorrectness shews his Passion. Some Rallery of this sort having pass'd, the Company began to consider the Hour; Conversation had so far amused us, that it was already nine of the Clock :

Clock : I, who never stay late, and had a long walk, took that opportunity to withdraw ; as I do now, to end this Letter.



L E T T E R I I I .

THAT my Packets may be as entertaining as possible, I am continually laying out for Helps : With this view I went yesterday to *Belville's* Lodgings, in order to beg his Assistance, in surveying certain Parts of the Town, which I was in hopes, might furnish me with Matter to divert you.

It struck Ten just as I enter'd his Room, however it seems I came time enough to be at his Levee. Tea was made, and as soon as we were sat down, he thus accosted me. You ask'd t'other day, what sort of a Life I led in Town? A Coffee-House was not so proper a Place to tell you in ; but here I will make it no secret : the rather, because I would entreat your kind Offices, to my Uncle, Sir *Andrew Freeman*. You know the Knight was my Guardian, and as such took care of my Education, at School and College ; and then sent me to *London*, intending me suddenly for Doctors Commons, (the Civil Law having been my particular Study you know at *Cambridge*.) Instead of that, I followed the Vices of
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the Town, 'till I had spent the small Fortune my Father had left me, and having thereby disobliged all my Relations, I have been left to live wholly by my Wits, which I can assure you in this Age are but a very precarious Subsistence. Necessity has obliged me to an Acquaintance with those Arts, by which I was undone : And I am ashamed to say, 'tis to them, that in a great measure, I owe my Support. Yet however uneasy such a State of Life may be to me ; Poverty would be still more so. I expressed my Concern for his Misfortunes, as tenderly as I could, and at the same time assured him, that I would make use of all my Interest with Sir *Andrew*, in his favour. I next gave him an Account of the Promise I had made you, and begg'd him, as far as was in his power, to enable me to perform it, by giving me a View of such Scenes of Life, of which otherwise it would have been hard for me to gain a Description. I'll do it, says *Belville*, and in one day, will undertake to open to you a Prospect, of which in your whole Life, 'tis probable, you would never have had an Idea. To begin, as soon as I can huddle on my Cloaths, we'll step to a Beau Coffee-House, near the *Temple* ; where you shall see a multitude of Things, who call themselves Students in Law ; who never read three Pages of my Lord *Coke* in their Lives : but in its stead have made Dress their Study, and Women their Diversion ; 'till they are
under

under a Necessity of making Physick their Business. They can readily explain the several Schemes and Intrigues at *St. James's*, though they are unacquainted with the Tenures, even of their own Estates : and who are better versed in the Performances of the Opera in the *Hay-Market* last Winter, than they are with any thing that has passed at *Westminster-Hall*, since their first coming to Town. In the next place, we'll dine with a Sett of People, whom I am obliged to call Friends ; and are worth your seeing, though they deserve by no means your Acquaintance. If any Time after this lies on our hands, I will leave you to determine how to spend it.

As soon therefore as he was dress'd, away we march'd, to this *Temple* Rendezvous. Where we no sooner enter'd the Room, than we were surrounded by a whole Tribe of *Belville's* Butterfly Acquaintance : who saluted us with as great variety of Cringes, as were ever made by a *Dutch* Posture-Master, and with as many wry Faces, as a *High-German* Artist makes when he spews Ribbon. D—n me, says one of them, my old Prigg of a Father, has sent me a whole Packet of Parchments by the Carrier, and desired my Opinion on them, in a Post or two, in order to deliver Declarations in Ejectment before next Assizes ; and it has cost me a Guinea this Morning, for advising with Counsellor *Wrangle*, and I must copy his Writing into the bargain. If he

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continues to plague me at this rate, I must e'en take *Will Jackdaw's* Method, and agree with Serjeant *Needy*, by the gross. These old Fellows, says 'Squire *Goosly*, are strange Creatures. My Uncle *Burly* was in Town last Week, and made me a Visit. He had not been long in the Chambers, before he took notice of a Sett of *Pope's Shakespear* in *Quarto*, gilt and letter'd, in my Glass-Case. What Books are those, Nephew, says he? (Knowing he was short-sighted) I answered, they were some Volumes of Reports, which finding (added I) of great use in my Reading, I have caused them to be finely bound, as a Testimony, in some sort, of my Gratitude to their Author. Gratitude, says the gray-headed Coxcomb, is a great Virtue, especially in young People, and ought to be encouraged; and upon this slips a Note of Fifty Pounds, into my Hand. The whole Company fell a laughing at the Story. Ay, ay, quoth Mr. *Giddy*, you are a little like me, my saving Dadd sent me here, to make me a Lawyer, knowing his Interest would be sufficient to bring me into a considerable Practice; but the very Thoughts of having a Profession chalked out for me, has given me such an Aversion to't, that I have never looked in a Law-Book since I came to the *Temple*. Prithee, said I, whispering *Belville*, let us get out of this confounded Nest of Fools; for I protest I begin to be sick already. You must pardon me, Gentlemen, (says he) but my Friend and I
have

have a little Business, and so we withdrew to another Table. I'll tell you one thing, says *Belville*, when we go to Dinner, you will see some Gentlemen, who are of an Order, call'd in the Days of Yore, Knights of the Industry. You are naturally no great Talker, so it will be no difficulty for you to be concealed. I will introduce you as a Friend that knows the World, and so without Disguise, you will be Master of their whole Circle of Deceit. On this we return'd to the Company, and after ten Minutes stay, took our leaves. My Friend conducted me immediately to the Place he talked of. There were five Gentlemen there already, and to my Surprize, I found them as well bred, and of as good Sense as any People I had met with since my coming to Town. *Belville's* Recommendation was Passport sufficient, they made no scruple of adjusting the Scheme for the Day, before me: and in a quarter of an Hour, to convince me, that except my self, there was not a Soul in the Room more honest than a Highwayman. My Friend was either a little mistaken, or my Looks were sufficient to betray me, for by that time Dinner was over, they smelt me out, and in their way began to rally very smartly against Conscience. Honesty, says one of them, is a Notion contrived originally by some Villain or other, with which People's Heads being filled, he might cheat the more easily himself. But pray Sir, (says I) do you

imagine there is no difference to be made between Right and Wrong. Marry, Heaven forbid (replied he) but I should ; has not the Law of the Land made such a Distinction, and does it not severely punish those who think, or at least act otherwise ? Come, come, says *Belville*, no more of these Disputes ; I hear Company, and we must be going. Upon this, one of them opens a Closet, out of which he took a Grasier's Great-Coat, so handsomly bespattered, that it had, I dare say, taken a Journey of thirty Miles, at least, into the Country, for that purpose. Another, who was the youngest amongst them, slipped on a Tallow-Chandler's blue Frock, and with it a natural Wigg, of Colour and Shape, that it look'd as if he had borrow'd a Pound of his Master's Candles, to adorn his Ears with. The third, who had on a brown Suit, very plain, made no further Alteration than putting on a green Apron. The fourth chang'd his own Coat for one with narrow Sleeves, and without Plaits, accompany'd with a large Beaver, whose Brims flopped after the Quaker's Fashion. The last, by the help of a coarse Waistcoat, a blue Flag, and a large Pair of Snuffers pendant, transformed himself in an instant, from a spruce Spark, into an alert Waiter, and opening the Door, immediately run down Stairs, with all the Agility of a *Rose-Tavern* Drawer, charg'd with a whole Mouth full of Coming Sir, Coming.

Coming. The rest soon follow'd him, leaving *Belville* and me alone.

I would not, says he, by pre-acquainting you, prevent your surprize, because I thought it might divert you. The Woman of this House, having a proper Understanding, with the Constables, and also with some People above them, keeps undisturb'd a sort of Assembly, composed of as many various Animals, as ever were stow'd between Decks in the Ark. All come for certain Purposes that require Privacy; our Province is Gaming, and the Company you saw just now, put on with their Disguises so artful a Simplicity, that they never fail putting the Bite without Suspicion upon such half-bred Sharpers as take them for Bubbles. Come, we'll go in, I have told you enough to enable you to guess the rest. Accordingly, down Stairs we went into a large One-pair-of-Stairs Room, where there was such a Scene of human Patchwork, as, I thank my Stars, I never beheld; Lawyers Clarks, and Mercers Foremen, were the Beaux; some flanting Ladies of the Town, the Belles; the rest consisted of a Set of shabby genteel Sharpers, ordinary Tradesmen, and raw Prentices, who here and there were accompanied by the Servant Maids of their respective Houses. Scarce were we within the Door, but up comes my Landlady, who by her Shape, her Bulk, and her Waddle, look'd like a moving Hillock of Flesh, or a walking Quag-mire. O La! (says she)

the) Mr. *Gloswell*, (which I found was *Belville's* Name here) we have been at a strange loss for you ! The Company were so much taken with the Song you gave them last Night, that they have been teasing me to death, to know when you would come ; good Sir, if you have any kindness for poor *Dolly*, sing it ; for I protest I shan't have a Drop of Wine call'd for, 'till you oblige them. *Belville*, whose Post I found was to keep them in Humour, readily comply'd, and sitting down in the Middle, with a very good Voice perform'd the following Piece of his own composing.

The Praise of BACCHUS ; or, Wine
does all.

To the Tune of, *The Tipling Philosophers*.

*YE Subjects of Bacchus draw near,
With Glasses fill'd up to the Brim,
His Bumper sure no Man will fear,
Such Cowards were unworthy of him ;
'Tis a Present the God has bestow'd,
Let no Man his Share then decline,
But each take a plentiful Load,
Since the Gift like the Giver's Divine.*

*For Claret alone has the Power,
Our Wit and our Mirth to refine,
It mellows the sullen and sour,
And makes them grow social and kind.*
All

*All Pains and Diseases it cures,
Is the Balsam of every Care,
Ease, Pleasure, and Wit it secures,
From the gloomy Attacks of Despair.*

*'Tis nothing, I tell ye, but Truth,
My Honour I'll on it engage,
'Tis Wine that invigorates Youth,
And keeps up the Heat of old Age:
But if to Examples ye are prone,
And they more than Precepts will please;
From the Latins I'll single out One,
And fetch ye another from Greece.*

*Old Cato of Virtue so nice,
As not ev'n in Thought to offend,
Yet believ'd it not Folly or Vice,
His Bottle to take with a Friend;
Political Cares to dispel,
In the Evening his Friends he carest,
Old Tales he with pleasure would tell,
And smile at an Innocent Jest.*

*Of the Sages of Athens there's none
That with Socrates e'er can compare,
Yet Wine, all the Learned will own,
Was the Med'cine he used for his Care.
Her Voice did old Xantippe rear,
With scolding his Ears to offend,
Wine taught him with Patience to bear,
What his Wisdom could never amend.*

*No longer to talk thus by Rote,
 Yet to strike all my Opposites dumb,
 But one more Example I'll Quote,
 'Tis TULLY, the ST. JOHN of Rome;
 For Wit and for Eloquence fam'd,
 And Virtue's of every Degree,
 Of his Countrymen's Madness asham'd,
 He sought amongst Friends to be free.*

*Since Rome, 'midst the Tumults of War,
 Neither Safety nor Fame could afford,
 With pleasure he quitted the Bar,
 Contented to shine at the Board.
 Thus Wine in all Ages we see,
 By the Wise and the Witty preferr'd,
 Then let's with the Bottle be free,
 Nor musty old Maxims regard.*

When the Song was ended, the Wine began to move briskly, the Company brighten'd, Things look'd gay, and Business went on apace. In one Corner of the Room, sat a sheepish-looking young Fellow, and a prim simpring Lass, who would fain have look'd modest if she could. The Tallow-chandler seeing me observe them, took occasion to whisper me, That's Mr. *Reason's* Prentice, the Grocer in *Cheapside*; and the fair Lady his Mistress is the celebrated *Moll Flirt* o' the Hundreds, tho' she passes on the poor Noodle for a great Country Fortune. This Account so far rais'd my Curiosity, that I drew my Chair so
 near

near them, as to over-hear all that pass'd: Pretty Miss *Nanny*, (says the amorous Fool) can I never see you any where but here? A-lack-a-day! (replied the cunning Gipsy) my Aunt keeps me always with her for the sake of the three thousand Pounds she has of mine in her hands, and never so much as suffers me to set my Foot out of doors, but with my Cousin *Tommy*, who, because he loves Cards, brings me here sometimes when the old Woman thinks we are gone to a Lecture. Nay, and if I did not take an Opportunity to steal to you a little while he is at Whisk, we should not be much the better for being near; for he's dev'lish jealous, and keeps always an Hawk's Eye over me. With that the Ninny falls a sighing: Nay, pray Mr. *William*, says Mrs. *Modesty*, don't sigh, I vow it breaks my Heart to hear you; if I were but sure you'd marry me, I fancy I could find a way to get to you. Upon this the Fellow prick'd up his Ears, and assures her with a thousand Oaths of his Fidelity. Why look ye then, adds she, but that my Aunt keeps me without a Farthing, ten Guineas would bribe our Maids, to let me out when the Family is a-bed: and then if you'll be at hand with a Parson and a Licence, we'll be too fast by Morning for them to sever us. Your Cousin (says he) will stay here this hour yet, in that time I'll raise the Money, tho' I should make free with my Master's Till for't. And so away scours the Booby,

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with a full Resolution to run the hazard of a Halter, for the sake of a Baggage, who could hardly forbear laughing in his Face at his Folly. Having diverted my self as long as it lasted with this Scene, I cast my Eyes to the other end of the Place, where the first thing I perceived, was a Woman who was very industrious that I might not see her; however, turning herself hastily about, I immediately discovered her to be a Tradesman's Wife in *Thamesstreet*, who was come for a little innocent Diversion to this blessed House, with her Husband's Foreman. By this time, up comes *Belville* to me; Prithee, says he, let's take a turn or two up and down the Room, and I'll give you the secret History of some of these Innamorato's. That aukward Beau you see yonder, has served about half his time, with Mr. *Scammony* the Druggist in *Cornhill*, and his Nymph is his Master's House-Maid; yet, tho' he has three hundred Pounds a Year entail'd on him after the death of an Uncle, 'tis a thousand to one but he marries her. That giggling Wanton you see standing at the Window, is a common Strumpet of the Town; she has already brought two unfortunate Youths to the Gallows, whom she had forced upon doing base things to support her Extravagance: and the third you see hanging about her, will in a short time probably be ready to take the same Journey; and 'twill be well if he hurts no body but himself, since

he

he is very much trusted by his Master, Mr. *Paywell* the Banker. Just as he had done speaking, I heard somebody call for Cards: Having a mind to see who were of the Party, we walk'd towards them, and found the Quaker and the Countryman were to be Partners, against a Couple of Sharpers, at Whist. The Strangers very artfully changed the Pack before it was open'd, for another they had about them, marked for their purpose. Some of their Companions, who stood round, perceiving their Scheme had taken, betted deeply on the Game, and *Belville* as readily laid against them all. As soon as the first Deal was out, the Grasier call'd the Drawer to trim the Candles, who throwing one of them down, and snuffing out t'other, very dexterously withdrew the Sharpers Cards, and in their room left a Pack of their own handling. The Sparks look'd very confused, at not finding their Marks, the People who were Standers-by, knew nothing of the Change, and so the whole Sett were stripp'd to their last Shilling, without so much as once smelling the Trick. *Belville* smiled at seeing them scratching their Heads, and biting their Fingers; and I confess, in spite of all my Gravity, I had my self like to have burst out a laughing. We went next to overlook the Gentleman with the green Apron, who was playing a Game at Put with a Fellow that was reckon'd the most adroit Cheat in Town; 'twas the last Hand of

the Game when we came up, and they were both equal. The Sharper held two Trays and an Ace, and our Friend hap'ning to hold his Cards low, 'twas perceiv'd he had only two Deuces and a Tray : The Bets immediately rose high, and the Sharper's Acquaintance laid any Odds, 'till at last twenty Guineas were depending ; for my part, I thought *Belville* and the Grazier mad, to take up all who offer'd to lay. Our Spark, in the mean time putting on a Look of Concern, call'd for a couple of pieces of Bread and Butter, these (says he) I'll make sure of, for fear losing should baulk my Stomach. With that he claps them together, and cutting them into six or eight Bits, presently chewed them down ; then took up his Cards, which being of a sudden changed into two Trays and a Deuce, won him the Game. The Company stared, and said, he must have a Card about him, he offered to be search'd, which they did very diligently ; but nothing being to be found, the Room determined, 'twas all fair.

The Secret was, he had a Tray in the Roll of his Stocking, which he easily got into his Hand ; but not knowing how to get otherwise rid of the Deuce, he slip'd it between the Slices of Bread and Butter, and swallow'd down both together.

But things took another Turn elsewhere : The Tallow-Chandler had attempted to play all the Play upon a Fellow as cunning as himself ;

self ; a Dispute hap'ning, and he rising hastily, his Frock slipt down, and discover'd an Olive-colour'd Suit of Cloaths trimm'd with Silver. High Words follow'd, and we were all in confusion, 'till *Belville* by a facetious Turn of Wit, set us a little to rights, and laying hold of our Attention by the following Song, brought us at last to our former Good Humour.

S O N G.

B I T E's the Word ; *or*, Sharpers All.

To the Tune of, *Gossip Joan*.

GOOD Folks all, *why d'ye stare,*
Let naught stick in your Gizzard,
Since all Men Gamesters a——re,
And Life's no more than Hazard.
Good Folks all.

When from the Womb we're sent,
The Stars our Chances throw, Sirs,
And we must be cont——ent,
Let them be high or low, Sirs.
Good Folks all.

To wish at Play's a Joke,
For Sice's all are eager ;
Small Throws make mid'ling Fo——lk,
Ams-Ace, a downright Beggar.
Good Folks all.
No

*No more then scold or bawl,
At whatsoe'er has past ill,
The Bett of Life lies a——ll
Upon the present Cast still.*

Good Folks all.

*Since Men liv'd by their Wits,
All Honesty's lost quite, Sir,
And we must mind our H——its,
Now all the World are Bites, Sir.*

Good Folks all.

*The Lawyer with his Cant,
The Parson 'midst his Books, Sir,
Your Coin is all they w——ant,
And they a Brace of Rooks are.*

Good Folks all.

*Let's no more Names then call,
Each has his way of getting,
We had best turn Sharpers a——ll,
For 'tis an Age of Cheating,*

Good Folks all.

In about an Hour the Company grew thin ;
Belville pulling me by the Sleeve, begg'd I
would step to a Coffee-house hard by, whi-
ther he would follow me in a quarter of an
Hour. About that time he came accordingly,
and sitting down, shew'd me three Guineas :
Here (says he) are the Fruits of the Night, we
generally make this or more, three times a
Week.

Week. You will forgive me, replied I, for what I am going to say; but I have known a Pick-pocket get double the Money as honestly, and in a tenth part of the Time. I have no Excuse, return'd he sighing, but Necessity : And that's the Plea too, answer'd I, of the Gentleman I just now mention'd. But come, we'll push that Matter no farther; 'tis turn'd of Eleven, I think 'tis time to go home, as it is also, I find, to end this long Letter.



L E T T E R I V .

I Received yours, Sir, in which you desire an Account of our Publick Diversions, and especially of the Performances on the Stage at present. 'Tis a Task, Sir, from which I would willingly have been excused; since our Want of Taste is become so great, that I am forced to accompany this, with half a dozen of the Productions of last Winter, to render what I have to say credible. Sense, Wit, and Good Manners were necessary to have the least Relish for Dramatick Entertainments, in the Days when you were acquainted with the Town: But now, Sir, if a Man has any of the aforesaid Qualifications, it is absolutely incumbent upon him, to leave them at the Door, if he intends to sit with tolerable

tolerable Patience within. I cannot charge this scandalous Alteration, as most People do, upon the Players, especially those of the Old House, where Mr. *Wilks* acts, or rather is the fine Gentleman, as much as ever; and for your Fav'rite Mr. *Cibber*, to make use of his own Words, *he even out-does his own Out-doings*. No, Sir, the Town certainly lost its Taste first, and the Actors, to get Bread, were forced to comply; since which, *Harlequins* and *Mackheaths* have been their Darlings: and if one were to judge of Folks Morals by the Pieces they applaud, one would be apt to think, both a modern Poet, and his Audience, had deserved the Gallows. But that I intend never to border upon Politics, I could be very serious in my Remarks on the Consequences that have attended them. Thieving and the Highway are Edged-Tools to play with, and they ought by no means to be set in a gay or ridiculous Light to the Mob. I believe, without aspersing the Authors of these *Tyburn Opera's*, I may place to their Account a Gang of Childish Robbers, lately executed; who to be sure thought it hard to be hang'd in earnest, for doing things, of which People, of the first Quality in *England*, publickly make a jest. The Ordinary of *Newgate* complains loudly in his turn, and says he is forced to take double Pains with his Audience, who begin to think Penitence out of fashion, and have strong Notions, of going off with
an

an Air: or in the Stile of old *Paul Lorrain*, which I indeed think properer of the two, to *die hard*. I would not have you imagine, that Corruption has seized only on our Amusements; on the contrary, it has over run almost every Sex, Age, and Circumstance of Life: Our Boys and Girls, do not only turn Men and Women, but Rakes and Jilts too in their Teens. Nay, their Forwardness has in half a Century, introduced a new *Æra* into humane Life; Men generally decay now before they are of Age, grow old and infirm by Twenty-five, and if ever they linger on to Thirty, 'tis by dint of a Physical Diet, and pure Air. What would in your time have been thought flagrant Vices, are now dwindled into Peccadilloes, scarce to be mentioned. Even in the City itself, which formerly boasted so much of Government and Regulation; the common Women swarm to such a degree, in *Fleet-street*, and about the *Change* (some of them in Velvets and Brocades, richly trim'd, and Laces as fine as the first Ladies of Quality wear) that a Man stands in need not of Virtue alone, but also of Force to resist them. Our Servants too are deeply infected with Pride, Vanity, and Extravagance; nothing is more common than to hear Footmen talk of taking their Bottle; and one Servant Wench inviting another to drink Tea. If they are tolerably handsome, nine

parts in ten of them are Whores, and of the small remainder who are not so, the greatest part owe their Virtue to want of Temptation, rather than Principle. You will perhaps think this last Remark a little too hard; permit me therefore, Sir, in order to justify myself, to tell you a Story. I had Lodgings taken for me, before I came to Town, and where I was forced to remain the first Week, at a Midwife's: A kept Lady, very richly dress'd, came in a Coach to see her; the Maid of the House had known her, it seems, formerly, a Servant as well as she, and was ready to burst with Envy, at the sight of all this Finery. As soon as she was gone, Who (said the Girl, with a Sigh) would live by Working, as I do, if they could help it, when Gentlemen keep their Mistresses so grand!

Were I to give you a Description of this Family, who in the small time I lived there, had almost made me go distracted, you would perhaps have thought I had laid the Scene in *Sodom*, instead of *London*; however, I'll venture.

The Mistress was a Woman about thirty, and until she had bloated herself with Drums, 'tis probable might not be ugly; as she was descended of an honourable Family, I have the Charity to imagine, she might have once had some Seeds of Virtue in her, tho' they
are

are now entirely extinguish'd. She and her Husband, who serves only to do such sneaking Offices as she puts him upon, very lovingly get drunk together, often twice in the Day, and always contrive to go to Bed, in the same Pickle at Night. Such is the Effect of so good an Example, that they have two little Girls in the House, both under ten Years old, who can each of them drink fairly, twice the Quantity of Spirits that I can, without being disordered. So that after all, Servants may generally plead this Excuse, that they have at least as many good Qualities as their Betters.

Just as I was going to enter again upon my Story, in comes *Belville*, dress'd in an extraordinary Manner, and in a hurry. Good now, says he, slip on your Clothes, and step into a Hackney Coach with me. I am going to an *Assemblée*, and 'twill be worth your seeing. Not such a one, I hope, return'd I, as we were at last Week. I assure you I saw enough on't then, so desire never to see it more. No, no, says he, this is quite another Thing; 'tis kept at the House of a Person of Rank, and hardly any body comes thither, but People of the first Fashion. I agreed, and getting on my Clothes, as fast as I could, away we drove. I could not forbear pleasing myself all the way we went, with thinking how different this Scene must be, where we were going,

from that I described in my last. And because I was not altogether mistaken, give me leave to remark a few of those Distinctions. In the first then, the Candles all were Tallow ; here, on the contrary, you saw nothing but Wax : there they play'd at *Putt, Whist, and Crib-bidge*, for three, four, or five Guineas ; while in this Place they were losing at *Pharo, Picket, or Quadrille*, as many Hundreds. The far greater part of that Sett of People were guilty of their Follies, probably thro' want of Education ; while all these again must of necessity offend against it.

But to go on again in order. *Belville* I found was full as necessary a Man here, as there ; and held in both Places much the same Sort of Authority which is assumed by a *Cambridge* Smart, at a *Sturbridge* Fair Musick-Booth ; or that the celebrated Beau *Brazen* takes upon him at the publick Places at *Bath*. O, Mr. *Belville*, says Lady *Kitty Wildish*, you must oblige these Ladies with the new Song you made t'other day, to my favourite Tune. *Belville* made her no other Answer than by a Bow, and singing the following Lines.

S O N G.

S O N G.

*To the Tune of, Tho' Cruel you seem to
my Pain.*

*'TIS Pleasure's the Business of Life,
Dull Thinking is ne'er worth our Care;
'Tis the Parent of Trouble and Strife,
And leads sober Fools to Despair.*

*Our Fathers how stupid were they?
In Study they spent all their Prime,
Nor knew at Quadrille how to play,
Or how in the Circle to shine.*

*'Tis the Glory alone of our Age,
That Men without Merit may rise;
Let Blockheads with Learning engage,
Content, to be Beggars, and wise.*

*Would you quickly know how to rise high
In Title, in Power, or in Place?
Your Sense, and your Latin lay by,
And put on an impudent Face.*

The Ladies all applauded this Performance,
as most People did the *Beggar's Opera*, with-
out

out ever dreaming it was a Satyr. We went now to the several Tables of Gamesters, where I soon observed how much more violent the Workings of Passion are in the Women, than in Men. The old Lady *Punto*, who is at least Six and Fifty, having by a Mistake, lost a sure Vole at *Ombre*; fell instantly down at the Table in a Swoon. As soon as she came to herself, she fell a tearing her Hair, scratching her Face, and distorting her Eyes like a Fury. At which pretty Miss *Spadille*, happening to laugh, the antiquated Virago threw a whole handful of Silver Fish and Counters at her; one of which unluckily hurt her Eye, and another rased her Forehead. This Accident having put all that End of the Room into Confusion, I retired to the other; where two Persons of Distinction, were at *Picket*: just as I came towards them, one of them having laid out a Quint in Clubs, and having but a very indifferent Hand besides, he thought fit to help it, by borrowing a Knave and Nine of that Sort, from his Discardings. Nay, thought I then to myself, as *Belville's* Song says, we had e'en as good leave off calling Names, since methinks, a Right Honourable Sharper, would sound but oddly. By this time, to me, who am no Gamester, the Place began to grow tiresome, so I tripp'd down Stairs, took Coach, and came home to make an end of this Letter.

I fancy you may now be pretty well acquainted with the Present State of *London*, as well as the Past: but if you would be yet more particularly inform'd, your Commands shall at pleasure renew our Correspondence.

F I N I S.



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